A JOYOUS, SPENDTHRIFT, WILD CREW OF TALL YOUNG MEN.

If You're Under 5 Ft. 10 In. You Are Insignificant -City of Odd Contrasts -One Butte Above Ground, One Below -World's Greatest Copper Camp.

A glance at the city directory of Butte will show that at least 25 per cent. of the population is Irish. The Mayor of Butte is of Irish descent, so is the City Clerk, the police Judge, about all the policemen, the district Judges, and the Sheriff.

The rest of the population includes native Americans, Germans, Scandinavians. Italians, Finns, Austrians, Chinese, Japs, Africans, Poles and Russians. There is scarcely a nationality that is not repre-

In the East and the middle West, says Successful American, the man who is 5 feet 10 will find that he overtops about nineteen out of twenty men in a crowd. A man of that height in Butte will find from seven to twelve men in every twenty about him who top him by two or three inches, and he will begin to feel small.

Among the men who bulk big in Butte are an astonishing number of college graduates, surveyors, draughtsmen, geologists assayers, newspaper men and "gentlemen muckers," the last young fellows who come out because the spirit of adventure and the need of a job lure them and who cheerfully descend into the mines to shovel copper ore and hope for a position on top. And if they are really good they usually manage to land a pleasanter position ere the year

A joyous, spendthrift, wild crew are these young fellows mostly, given to hitting a pace that makes the Easterner breathless. pace that makes the Easterner oreathless, wasting much money in folly and retaining in it all to a singular degree a clean, healthy view of life and mind unsullied by the wickedness they go through. Some go under, most survive the mad days of eager dissipation and become men it's a gladness to know.

to know.

Efficiency is the keynote of Butte life. Wages are high in the stores, the offices and the mines, and when employers are compelled to pay liberally they will have service which is worth it. Hence as a rule it is the best bookkeepers, the fastest stenegraphers, the highest class men in every profession that come to Butte.

They work hard and play furiously, lifte Butte immensely, although swearing that they will soon go back to "God's country," and when they do leave have a way of reappearing in Butte erelong tickled to death at their return and wearing a grin

death at their return and wearing a grin

to death at their return and wearing a grin that nearly splits their faces.

Twenty years ago Butte was a typical Western mining camp. Out of that camp has grown up a city of comfortable homes, palatial business blocks and imposing public buildings. And yet the city is unique, in that by the side of the modern business block or handsome dwelling stands business block or handsome dwelling stands the little old log cabin, with its single door and window and its dirt roof.

Butte is distinctively a city of mines and mining. Its first mines were placer diggings yielding gold; then came a period in which silver was the chief mineral product, and later copper came to be the princi-pal product of its mines, which have grown richer and richer as they have been more

richer and richer as they fully developed.

The famous Anaconda Hill, in the eastern part of the city, is probably the richest piece of mining ground that has ever been developed. It is honeycombed in every direction. Under every part of the city are mines where innumerable tunnels are mines where innumerable tunnels and cross cuts ramify beneath the business thoroughfares.

One may see on one corner a splendid business block or modern home, and on another corner of the same block a grim, unsightly hoist standing over a shaft, out of which the ore is being delivered and borne away on immense wagons or by cars on the electric lines, to the smelters located on the outskirts of the city.

located on the outskirts of the city.

There are, in fact, two Buttes, one above ground, one under ground, and as the army of miners and smeltermen work in three shifts of eight hours each there is no time in the day or night when the city is not alive with men standing about the street corners or hurrying to or from their places of business or labor. Eating houses and other resorts are always open. giving basis for the claim that Butte knows neither day

Butte is the heart of the commercial life of Montana. Twelve thousand men find of Montana. Twelve thousand men and employment in her mines and smelters. Two thousand more are employed in the giant smelter at Anaconda, which smelts Butte ores exclusively. Butte supplies the ores that keep the smelters at Great Falls

Her mines create a demand for the coal and Bridger. Her mines keep employed the lumbermen of western Montana, where splendid forests add to the State's resources. Nearly sixty million dollars worth of copper, silver and gold were produced by her in the year 1905, while her known mineral belt is still widening and her annual production constantly increasing.

Butte's assessed valuation is nearly forty

million dollars and a low valuation at that. This does not include the value of the mines f Butte, for mines in Montana are not taxed other than the net proceeds and the surface improvements. The mines of Butte and vicinity could probably not be bought for half a billion dollars. New mines, too, are has 127 working mines at present,

and 1,292 patented mining claims, besides 5,000 unpatented claims, which are awaitvidend payers.
It is estimated that a shaft with the com-

would be thirty-seven miles to bottom.
It is safe to say that the drifts and crosscuts the camp will aggregate 700 times 37 In Butte there are more streets under

ground than there are on the surface. One may enter the Gagnon mine on Montana street on the west side of the town and make is exit on the Mountain View shaft above after traversing miles of derground workings and rassing through

dozens of mines.

After taking the air the visitor may deagain, return to the St. Lawrence thence make his way either north o the Mountain Con at Centerville, the orra at Walkerville, or south to the bel-iont. Idonia or Galiatin. In some of the levels through which he

passes he will find the patient horse plodding along with a loaded ore car, in others an endless chain system operated by nature's invisible giant which hauls the loaded cars the shaft and the "empties" back to the

Some stations and crosscuts he will find lighted by electricity. In others he will find that the primitive candle still does uty, and the station timbers look as though the rats had gnawed them because of the chipping away of the wood by the sharp pointed tips of the miners' candlesticks, which are driven into the posts to hold the

candle while the miner waits for the cage and when quitting work stops to fill his pipe when coming off shift. of when coming on sint.

If a visitor arrives at a station when the
en are coming down and a tenderfoot
appens to be in the crowd he will witness he odd sight of a man who is surrounded

by dozens of blazing candles carefully striking a match to light his own.

This, then, is butte as it is. Not a city of beauty or culture, though there is much of both, but a place where the laborer is usually worth his hire and the hire nearly clearly adequate to the laborer.

A city of tremendous industry and little equeamishness, of fine loyalties and much comradeship, a town full of people who hive without much thought of the morrow r ways adequate to the laborer. and still less for yesterday, a place of stran-contrasts, where the seven story office buil ng is next door to a small shack with a mine shaft in the back yard, where the chauffeur of the big auto has to give the one wagon the right of way, where every is broke three days past pay day and millionaire when he gets his check, e the working girl stands as high socially, if she's nice, as the mere society belle, and where, generally speaking, life

LISBOA ACCUSED OF BIGAMY. Arrested on a Complaint Sworn Out in

September, 1905. Richard Lisboa, 55 years old, was arrested by Detectives Nikley and Bunnell of the detective bureau, Brooklyn, yesterday on the charge of bigamy. The warrant for his arrest was issued in the Adams street police court on September 5, 1905. The complainant is Margaret Denem, to whom he was married by the rector of Grace Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, on Octo-

Lisboa says that when a boy he used to play in Washington, D. C., his father at the time being attached to the Brazilian Legation at that place. Subsequently he got a place with the Central Lard Company, with offices in the Produce Exchange. Margaret Denem, who is 44 years old, has been employed for years as stewardess by the Booth and the Lamport & Holt steamship companies. Lisboa frequently took trips to Rio de Janeiro and other South American ports. In this way he met Miss

Denem.

While living in Rio the complainant picked up a business card which Lisboa had dropped. This gave the name of Mrs. M. G. Lisboa, dealer in fancy goods, candies and notions at Prospect and Tremont avenues in The Bronx. When she asked who Mrs. M. G. Lisboa was he told her she was his mother, of whom he was very fond.

Some time after this the complainant came to New York and called at the Bronx address to see her mother-in-law. She found instead that the woman was the wife of the man to whom she had been married in July, 1894, by the Rev. Father Ryan on West Fifty-first street, Manhattan. On

ried in July, 1894, by the Rev. Father Ryan on West Fifty-first street, Manhattan. On the mantel in the house was a photograph of Lisboa.

Then Margaret Denem told Margaret Gorham, the first wife, of the second marriage. The first Margaret said that she didn't want to interfere as Richard gave her very little trouble. But the second Margaret was angry and got the warrant.

Lisboa has eluded the police ever since, although he has made many trips to this port. He arrived again on Friday on the steamship Goyaz, which is lying at the Bush Stores. Brooklyn. Some one who knew him told the police and they found him yesterday in the Cosmopolitan Hotel on West Broadway, Manhattan. When the police began a search for Margaret Denem, the second wife, they ascertained that she had returned to her old place as a stewardess, and at the present time is somewhere between here and Rio. Lisboa was locked up in the Adams street station.

ROWDIES FIGHT THE POLICE.

Cut and Bruised in Riot. There was a riot last night in the neighborhood of Howard and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn, when the police attempted to break up the gang of young fellows who have made a practice lately of hanging around the corners. demanding money, and attacking passersby who refused. Women have also been insulted. The section is on the edge of the old Crow Hill section, where it was a frequent thing for

policemen to be attacked several years ago.

Two policemen were cut and bruised in
the fracas last night and with two of the six prisoners had to have their injuries dressed by Drs. McMurray and Gillen of St. Mary's Hospital. Policeman Philip Horter of the Browns-

ville station ordered a gang of about a dozen young fellows standing at the corner o break up after he had heard that a mar had been pounded up. John Campbell, 22 years old, of 2690 Atlantic avenue, he said, defied him, and he attempted to arrest him. Campbell, the policeman said, broke away and hit him, while the others took his nightstick away and knocked him down.

his nightstick away and knocked him down. Horter managed to get up and whistled for help. Sergt. Ross and Policeman Ward responded and made four arrests.

A crowd of several hundred collected, threw stones at the policeman, and led by two negroes tried to rescue the prisoners. Capt. James G. Reynolds arrived with the reserves, after the three policemen had discharged their pistols in the air to keep the crowd back.

the crowd back.

The two negroes, Harry Davis, 21 years old, of 1640 Bergen street, and John Thompson, 20, of 1925 Atlantic avenue, were arrested charged with disorderly conduct. Campbell was charged with disorderly conduct and assault upon an officer. These others were charged with disorderly contents were charged with disorderly contents were charged with disorderly contents. others were charged with disorderly duct: William Donnelly, 1873 Atlantic avenue; Charles Heron, 17 Prescott place and James Mulrey, 1882 Dean street

BAD CRASH IN ONTARIO.

Ten Orientals and a White Man Killed When Trains Collide. WINNEREG, Manitoba, June 29.-The de-

plorable results of the train wreck at Butler, Ont., where a Chinese special crashed into the westbound express, became apparent when the Imperial Limited train from the east arrived here this afternoon. Attached to the train was a special car in which were nine Chinamen, all badly wounded, a number of them likely to die. In Kenora there had been left eleven dead bodies, according to statements made by travellers who arrived in the city. Of the dead left in Kenora nine were Chinamen, one guard, killed while on duty, and

one Japanese.

Among the injured were Mrs. Walter
Robinson of Copper Cliff, Ont., and Charles
E. Morrash of Halifax, N. S.
The collision occurred in broad daylight, both trains proceeding at sufficient speed to derail both of the locomotives. None of the passenger cars was derailed and none

of the heavier cars appears to have been badly damaged. Two tourist cars occu-pied by the Chinamen were badly broken up. According to the official report issued by the railway company the cause of the accident was the fact that the engineer of the Chinese special overran orders and crashed into the engine of the westbound

rashed into the engine of the westbound Pacific Express.

There were 232 Chinese in the party, bound for many Eastern points. Passengers on the westbound train received a severe shock, but it does not appear that any one was killed. The crews of both locomotives escaped by jumping. It is said that M. E. O'Connor of St. John, N. B., one of the guards was killed.

MAY RESTORE JEFF DAVIS'S NAME

It was Effaced From the Tablet of Cabin John Bridge at the Close of the War. WASHINGTON, June 29.-The name of Jefferson Davis is to be restored on the tablet stone of Cabin John Bridge, at Glen Echo, Md., if the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy are successful. At their reconfederacy are successful. At their re-cent meeting in Richmond the Daughters decided to take steps in this direction. At the request of Mrs. W. J. Behan of New Orleans, president of the Daughters, Rep-resentative Meyer of that city had photographs taken to-day of the stone with the name effaced for the purpose of bringing the matter to the attention of Secretary of War and also to the attention of Congress. if it is deemed that Congressional action is

Cabin John Bridge was built by army engineers and its construction began when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War. The arch was then the longest in the world and in fact is now the longest in this country.

It is surpassed, however, by two foreign bridges since constructed. The name of Jefferson Davis was chiselled on the cornerstone, but after the conspicuous part which he took in the rebellion the name was effaced by order of Caleb Smith, Secretary of the Interior in President Lincoln's second Cabinet.

Sewing Girl Out of Work a Suicide. tessie Nadler, a sewing girl out of work, killed herself by jumping from the third story window of the tenement at 172 Suffolk street shortly before 12 o'clock last night. The lower floor of the tenement is occupied The lower floor of the tenement is occupied by a shop where tombstones are made. Ranged about the front of the place are a number of large pieces of granite. The woman's skull was crushed by striking one of these stones.

WOMAN HELD FOR BIGAMY. Brooklyn Wife Arrested After Her First

Husband Gets Out of an Asylum. Detective Lieutenants McKirdy and Thompson of acting Captain McCauley's staff went to Jersey City yesterday and upon a warrant issued by Magistrate Tighe of Brooklyn arrested Emily Grace H. Freeman-Cline on a charge of bigamy. The woman was found at the home of her second husband, at 242 South street, Jersey City. She appeared amazed when placed under arrest and told the detectives that as she hadn't heard from her first husband, Daniel Freeman, in more than five years, a lawyer had told her she was free to marry

Mrs. Freeman was married to George Cline on October 20 last by Herbert Lowe, the evangelist patrolman attached to the Ralph avenue station, Brooklyn. She was married to Daniel Freeman by the late Rev. Dr. Hiram Hutchins of the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church on September 17, 1894, and went to live at 238 Washington street. At that time Freeman was a watchmaker. After two children had been born to the couple Freeman was committed to the insane asylum at Kings Park, where he remained for five years. He was discharged as cured two years ago. He says that he believes his incarceration was brought about by a conspiracy.

brought about by a consoiracy.

He learned that his wife had left her old home and had sent their children to be cared for by Mr. Freeman's father. Daniel cared for by Mr. Freeman's father. Daniel is now a carpenter earning good pay. Recently he heard that Emily had married again and he began an investigation. He met Patrolman Lowe, who told him of having married Emily to Cline and said that she said at the time that her first husband was dead. The marriage had taken place at 205 Reid avenue and the Clines lived there until recently, when they moved to Jersey City.

Patrolman Lowe said he would help Mr. Freeman and went to the Adams street

Freeman and went to the Adams street police court and made an affidavit as to the facts concerning the second marriage.

Armed with the warrant, the two Brooklyn arrend with the warrant, the two Brooklyn detectives went to Jersey City, where they soon found the woman. She was locked up there, as she refused to go to Brooklyn. She will be detained until requisition papers are obtained. When her husband, Mr. Cline, arrived home last night he was astonished to find his wife under screet on the ished to find his wife under arrest on the living when he married her.

PASTOR'S DAUGHTER SUSPECTED. Burgiar Gang Is Igna Wilenius.

MINEOLA, L. I., June 29.-The young roman arrested in Brooklyn and brought here on the suspicion that she had been connected with the gang of burglars that had its headquarters in a Freeport hotel confessed to-day that her real name is Igna Wilenius and that she is the daughter of the Rev. K. G. Wilenius of Finland.

When arrested she gave the name of Igna

Wilhelm, and the detectives on the case say she has been known under various other names. County Detective Hulte and Detective Sweet were going over letters and other papers found in the young woman's room in Brooklyn when they came across a letter addressed to Igna Wilenius. They questioned the girl and she admitted that that was her name and that the writer of the letter was her father.

August von Fahrig, who ran the Freeport hotel, and who is suspected of being port hotel, and who is suspected of being the leader of the gang, was arraigned be-fore Justice of the Peace Wallace in District Attorney Coles's office here to-day. He is accused of burglary in the first degree. At the request of the District Attorney the hearing was adjourned until Monday next and Von Fahrig was held in \$5,000 bail.

MACK SAYS IT WILL BE BRYAN Either Roosevelt or Hughes.

ROCHESTER, June 29 .- "Bryan will be the nominee of the Democratic national convention, and I believe that the Repubicans will nominate Roosevelt by acclamation. If that is not done the convention will be for Gov. Hughes," said Norman E. Mack, member of the Democratic national committee, this afternoon. Mr.

Mack came to this city on an automobile trip with his little daughter and said that his visit was without political significance. "Gov. Hughes." he said, in reply to a question regarding the public utilities appointments, "acted with entire consisappointments, acted with entire consistency in the appointments of the utilities boards, consistent with his nomination and with his election. Although the appointments are good ones, they are hardly conducive to Republican harmony. They have knocked the bottom out of the politicions."

"How about the reapportionment tan-gles?" he was asked.
"Well, I have been away and have not had the opportunity to keep fully informed," he said, "but it looks as though the Repub-licans are having their little differences, the same as we have had in the past."

DIRE BLACK HAND THREATS. Passale Italians Receive Demands for Money Postmarked New York.

PASSAIC, N. J., June 29.-Joseph Piccolo, an Italian grocer of 28 State street, Passaic, to-day received a letter postmarked New York ordering him under penalty of death for failure to leave \$100 at a certain spot on the Brooklyn Bridge to-night. etter was signed "Black Hand" and below the signature drawn in red ink was a coffin and the body of a man with the head. arms and legs severed and the heart torn out and bleeding. Under this was written in Italian: "This and more will happen to you if you fail."

This is the third letter that has been received by Passaic Italians within a week, all appearable from the same source. The

ceived by Passaic Italians within a week, all apparently from the same source. The handwriting is identical and all were mailed in New York. The two others were received by Carmine Mazza, a well to do saloon keeper and leader in the Passaic Italian colony, and Michael Pizarro, a junk dealer. Each demanded \$1,000. Both were unbeeded

The three letters have been placed in the hands of the Passaic police, and Chief William Hendry is attempting to trace them to their source

BAR HARBOR EXPRESS WRECK. Train From Boston Deralled Near Waterville, Me. -Six Persons Hurt.

WATERVILLE, Me., June 29.-The Bar Harbor express train leaving Boston at 8 A. M. was derailed about three miles east of here early this afternoon, one passenger, three mail clerks and two trainmen being injured, none fatally. The passenger hurt was H. Godey of Philadelphia. The train was made up of four day coaches.

a mail oar, baggage car, dining car and two chair cars The latter were filled with people bound for Bar Harbor and some of them were severely shaken up. The train left the rails in a deep cut and the cars were thrown against a grassy bank. The mail car turned over completely and in this three Government employees were injured. Nearly all the windows in the cars were broken and many of the passengers sus tained slight cuts from the flying glass. A slight fire was started in the dining car by the oil range, but this was extinguished before it could gain any headway.

Dr. Robertson Sick in Bellevue.

Dr. William Robertson of Deer Park Miss., who has been a patient at St. Vinent's Hospital for the last two weeks was removed to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital last night. Dr. Robert-son came to New York three months ago and took a place as ship's surgeon on steamer running to Panama. He returne to this city recently, possessed with the des that somebody was trying to kill him. Dr. Robertson's parents are in the city and expect to take him back to Mississippi when his condition permits. MODERN NEGLECT OF COMFORT OFF TO START BRYAN'S BOOM.

SACRIFICES MADE ON THE ALTAR OF CONVENTION. Difficult Art of Being Comfortable and of

Making Your Friends Comfortable -Promise and Performance-Result of the Universal Clamor for Luxury. To most people the art of comfort is out a dead letter and it is a very fine art

ndeed, requiring ceaseless attention, acute critical faculty, a Joblike patience and persistence that knows no limit. How ew people really understand being comfortable, writes Mrs. Ernest Ames in the London Chronicle; how still less, alas! do they understand the art of making their friends comfortable. "I have the most charming housekeeper," says one fortunate lady. "She relieves me of all thought and trouble, and I feel that, however large the party may be, they are sure to be entertained well in every respect." How one envies this blessed immunity from all domestic worries and cares!

By and by an invitation comes from the fortunate lady to spend Whitsuntide, and, nothing doubting, and with all our smartest clothes, we set forth. We arrive at 6:30 P. M. in pouring rain, but no matter, there is a delightful motor omnibus to meet us, and soon we are in the fortunate lady's embraca. Tea is waiting in the vast, dim hall, and it is bitterly cold. Although it is the "Merrie month of May," it has been hailing. The windows and doors are wide open and a hurricane blows through the room. In the enormous open fireplace, instead of the glowing log, there is a bank of flowers against a dreadful

ackground of cork. We shiver as we seat ourselves on the cold, carved oak, high backed chairs. "I am afraid the tea must be rather cold by am arraid the tea must be rather cold by now," remarks our beaming hostess, as she pours a dim, black liquid into the priceless Worcester cups. "Have some tea cake?" And she pushes toward us a half empty dish of congealed muffin. "I am always so glad of a cup of tea," she continues, as she happily drains at one draught a cup of the hitter tapid region, and wa mandadously bitter, tepid poison, and we mendaciously respond, "It is very comforting after a long journey," but an impenetrable and pro-

pourney." but an impenetrate and prophetic gloom possesses us.

We are invited to "see our rooms" and we traverse many corridors of the really beautiful old house and enter two enormous bedrooms. "I hope you will have all you want," the fortunate lady adds. "Dinner will be in in half an hour, so I must be off." We look around; there is no fire, no hot water, no maid, no luggage, one pair of candies and a violent cross draught emanating from two of the picturesque leaded windows, which refuse to shut. We ring and after an interminable time our maid appears. "Very sorry, 'm, but I can't get them to bring the sorry, 'm, but I can't get them to bright the luggage up. The men servants are all playing bridge and Mrs. Brown, the house-keeper, says 'it have nothing to do with her.'" However, they at length arrive and after a terrible scramble we hurry down to dinner cross and somewhat dishevelled.

dinner cross and somewhat dishevelled.

The dinner table is quite lovely, radiant with flowers and the celebrated gold plate; but the cooking is what might be expected in the house of a woman who cheerfully swallows tea an hour and a half old. It is "messy" and ambitious, which is the worst form of evil cooking. "Never eat anything in this house," whispers my neighbor, a relative of the hostess; "it is all beastly; wine worse!" beastly; wine worse!"

After dinner there is the inevitable bridge

After dinner there is the inevitable bridge, played at various tables, in a huge, fireless half dark drawing room, and then we say "good-night" at about 1 A. M., thoroughly chilled and exhausted. We retire to our comfortless rooms, where cold sheets and cold "hot water" await us. And there we painfully try to console ourselves with the thought that, after all, \$30,000 a year does not necessarily bring comfort in its train. Nor do we any longer envy the fortunate lady her possession of the admirable Mrs. Brown.

But, alas! the fortunate lady is not alone in her possession of a thoroughly uncomfort-

But, alas! the fortunate lady is not alone in her possession of a thoroughly uncomfortable house, for, indeed, to find the reverse is of rare occurrence. So little thought is given nowadays to the small beauties and intimacies of daily living. Things are done on a wholesale scale, and "universal providers" intervene where formerly the personal touch prevailed. And so the fine feeling and taste for comfort is disappearing, and that in the must luxurious period of our national life. Hundreds of pounds will be national life. Hundreds of pounds will be spent on some peculiar system of electric lighting and thousands on motor cars, in a house where it is almost impossible to find both ink and pen on the same table, where one asks in vain for telegraph forms and

cause they are more amusing and the cookcause they are more amusing and the cooking is unquestionably better; but then how is cooking to improve if no one ever eats at home? Large sums are spent on cut flowers, on jewels, on clothes, on hotel bills by people who would be puzzled to provide one with a sheet of clean blotting

paper or a telegraph form.

Money flows like water, but neither time nor thought is spent in considering how adjust life's complicated denestic ma-Therefore the wheels are forever creaking and no one is ever satisfied. For comfort is the very oil of life, while luxury merely its adornment.

KILLED IN A SALOON ROW.

Pointed Horn Handle of Umbrella Pierces

An Italian about 30 years old was murdered in a saloon at 87 Elizabeth street shortly after 11 o'clock last night. The horn handle of an umbrella curving to a point was used. The point pierced the skull in front.

Fifty persons in a large hall in the rear of the place were playing cards and drinking. Two men got into a quarrel, one being the Italian killed by the blow from his opponent in discussion. Apparently those in the place paid little attention to the tragedy. The police knew nothing of it until later when notified by Harry Hard-man, a laborer who lives at 187 Forsyth street, a witness to the tragedy.

Mayor Dahlman of Omaha Begins to Round

Up the Delegates. OMAHA, Neb., June 29 .- The Bryan campaign for delegates to the Democratic national convention has opened in earnest and to-night Mayor James C. Dahlman, Bryan's closest personal and political friend, left Omaha for a two weeks canvass Wyoming in the interest of Bryan's candidacy. Mayor Dahlman says he will make speeches in most all the States in the Union between now and the meeting of the national convention, giving all his spare time to the work of getting delegates for Bryan.

Dahlman is the cowboy Mayor of Omaha who created a dozen sensations in New York last summer when he headed a train load of Democrats from Nebraska who went to New York to meet Bryan on his return from around the world.

"It's time something was being done for Bryan's candidacy," says Mayor Dahlman, "and I am starting the ball rolling. On my present trip I will make ten speeches in Wyoming and will then go into Montana for a few speeches. As soon as I return to Omgha and get business cleared up I will make a trip through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio and the central States. Later the eastern States will be toured by me.

"I will talk Bryan and nothing but Bryan. You can say that the campaign is now opened in earnest and will not be closed until after the election."

until after the election."
"Is your trip being made with his knowledge and consent?" was asked.
"I am making this trip myself. I won't exactly say that Bryan has given his consent to my actions, but he knows just what I am doing in his interests."
Mayor Dahlman is national committeeman for Nebraska and is said to be anxious to be chairman of the national committee during the next Presidential campaign. during the next Presidential campaign.

TRIED TO SHOOT IN THE STORE Shee Polish Man's Pistol Grabbed Se That It Couldn't Go Off.

Andrew M. Walthour, who says he is elative of Robert Walthour, the bicycle rider, was locked up in Police Headquarters yesterday afternoon charged with felonious assault. Walthour is the inventor of a patent shoe polish, which he has been trying to introduce in a Sixth avenue department store. He has had several talks with Omar H. Cheer, the manager of the grocery de-partment, which handles shoe polish.

partment, which handles shoe polish.

Walthour visited Cheer yesterday and the men had an argument about the shoe polish. Walthour left hurriedly and returned with a revolver. He drew this as he entered Mr. Cheer's office on the sixth floor of the store. The manager got up from his chair and grabbed at the revolver. He put his hand out in such a way that when the hammer fell it caught the flesh between the thumb and the foretinger and when the hammer fell it caught the flesh between the thumb and the forefinger and made a painful hurt. The pistol did not go off. The stenographer in the room shrieked and her cry was relayed to the ground floor by other girls in the store. Two detectives assigned to the shopping district arrested Walthour.

Walthour says that he is 53 years old and lives at 107 Chambers street.

MRS. AGASSIZ BURIED. Hundred Radeliffe Students Attend

the Funeral in Caps and Gowns. BOSTON, June 29.-The funeral of Mrs Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, widow of Louis Agassiz, was held this morning in Appleton Chapel, Harvard University. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr Samuel M. Crothers, pastor of the First Parish Church. The ushers were Messrs. G. L. Shaw, Robert G. Shaw, Quincy A. Shaw, Louis Shaw, Rodolphe Agassiz Max Agassiz, R. L. Agassiz and A. Henry Higginson. These also served as honorary pallbearers. Dr. Crothers delivered a brief eulogy on Mrs. Agassiz. He touched on hêr great interest in educational work. The presence of 100 students of Radcliffe College in cap and gown headed by Dean Irwin and President Briggs was the leading tribute to Mrs. Agassiz's memory. As the body was passing the college the bells tolled. Burial was in the family plot in Mount Auburn Cemetery. Agassiz, was held this morning in Appleton

Obltuary Notes.

his summer home at Shell Island on the Sound near Port Chester yesterday morning lighting and thousands on motor cars, in a house where it is almost impossible to find both ink and pen on the same table, where one asks in van for telegraph forms and where Bradshaw is an unknown quantity. The electric light, moreover, is so ladly atranged that no one can see to read by it and all the motor cars are laid up at once.

How many country houses does one know that possess really comfortable chairs on which to sit outside in the garden or grounds? And yet how easily might they be provided. Large, heavy men and women are invited to seat themselves on little frail concoctions of splinters and canvas that one would tremble to see supporting the weight of a child, the alternative being the chilly rigors of an iron garden seat. No cushions and no rogs are available generally to protect one from the almost invariable damp of an English lawn; and spending "a delightful day in the open air" is usually a treat fraught with much discomfort and not a little danger.

One may pay visits to a good many expensive lodgings and find; out how much more agreeable it would be for those insisted on certain studied in their evit continued in their evit can be considered in their evit continued in their evit can be considered in the confort. At the close of the war he returned to Bridge and the confort, but much discomfort and not a little danger.

One may pay visits to a good many expensive lodgings and find; out how forever continue in their evit can be considered in the confort and not a little danger. The cold the confort is considered in the confort and not a little danger. The cold the confort is the first lady who has ever rue, because the other ladies were who come after one is "the first lady who has ever rue, because the other ladies were who come after one is "the first lady who has ever rue, because the other ladies were lawned to the confort of the last twenty windows and creaking doors and the terrible beds composed of a chain mattress in the early of the confort is the first lady who has ever rue, because paralysis, from which he had suffered for pioneer brokers in Sound shore real estate.

ciating.

Dewitt C. Wykes, a curb broker and member of the firm of Humbert & Wykes at 20 Broad street, died suddenly on Friday morning at Forked River, near Barnegat, N. J. Mr. Wykes went to Forked River on Thursday. He had not been in good health for some time and had planned to spend the summer there. His home in this city was in West Forty-fifth street. Mr. Wykes was born in this city. He entered the employ of a brokerage house when quite young and has been in the financial district ever since. He was 53 years old and a bachelor.

Dr. Franklin J. Voss, a well known Brook-

He was 53 years old and a bachelor.

Dr. Franklin J. Voss, a well known Brooklyn physician and an authority on tuberculosis, died suddenly of stomach trouble on
Thursday at his home, 65 Somers street, in his
fity-sixth year. He graduated from the
University of the City of New York in 1885
and soon afterward settled in Brooklyn. He
was a Mason, a Knight of St. John and Malta,
an Odd Fellow, a Forester, a Royal Aroanumite and a member of the Order of Red
Men.

Francis Binjon died on Friday at his home.

Men.

Francis Binion died on Friday at his home in Vernon, Ill., at the age of 107 years. His father lived to the age of 108 and his grandfather to 110. He was an ardent Demoorat and had voted for every Presidential candidate of that party from Andrew Jackson down to Parker. He was the father of nine children, and twenty-three grandchildren and thirty-three great-grandchildren survive him. George W. Cooke, a tea and coffee merchant of 341 Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, died suddenly yesterday at his summer home at Sea Gate, Coney Island. He was formerly active in Democratic politics in the Seventeenth Assembly district. He leaves a widow.

Lord & Taylor

Monday, July 1st.

Special Sale of Lingerie Waists and Kimonos

One lot of Fine Lawn Waists, Marie Antoinette style, at 98 cts.

One lot of Figured Swiss, Batiste and Lawn Waists, - \$1.25

A Large Variety of Fine Batiste Waists. Lace and Embroidery Trimmed, at

\$3.95, 4.95, 5.95, 8.75 all exceptional value.

Wrappers & Kimonos

A Manufacturer's Sample Line of Fine White Lawn Wrappers at about half their value.

House Gowns in Flowered Dotted Materials, \$2.95, \$3.95, \$4.50 & \$5.75

Long Kimonos

In Flowered Lawn ...... \$1.75, 1.95

Short Kimonos In Flowered Dotted Swiss and Striped Mull. 980

Fine Lawn Dressing Sacques, trimmed with lace and embroidery, at greatly reduced prices.

Broadway & 20th St.; 5th Ave.; 10th St.

WOMAN KEPT FROM SUICIDE.

Says She's Mrs. John G. Pool and Had Left Her Husband. A woman was caught by Policeman Dooling of the East Fifty-first street station attempting to jump from the pier at the foot of East Fifty-fourth street last night. When taken to the station she said she was Mrs. Matilda Pool, wife of the son of a former member of the New York Stock Exchange and that she had decided to put an end to her troubles. Mrs. Pool, who became hysterical after Lieut. Atherson sent her

to a cell, told this story "I'm 35 years old. I lived in San Francisco, where I was born, up to a year or so ago. My husband died two years ago. I don't care to give his name. My son had been sent away to Carlisle school and I had no other children. Some time after my husband's death one of the old friends of my husband and myself proposed marriage to me. He was so enraged when I refused him that he drew

a revolver and shot twice, one of the shots hitting me in the left hand.

"That affair, of course, created a good deal of stir and I couldn't put up with all the notoriety and left San Francisco. I still the notoriety and telt san Francisco. I skin have property there, however, at 2105 Bush street, which pays a small income. I came on here to New York. On February 16 after a brief courtship I married John Genge Pool, the son of a member of the New York Stock Exchange.
"Scon after our marriage we separated.

"Soon after our marriage we separated I was in desperate circumstances. There was nothing to do but take a small room and live as long as what little money I had and what came in from my San Francisco property held out. I lived at 245 East Thirteenth street until a week or so ago, when all my money was gone. I saw nothwhen all my money was gone. I saw noth-ing for it but writing to my friends in San Francisco, telling them my predicament and asking for financial aid, or to write to my sister, who is a nun in a convent at 295 Stanton avenue, Portland, Ore. I would rather die than do that, I decided. And so I went down to the river to-night to try and end it all."

There is no Pool a member of the Stock Exchange within the last few years. At 245 East Thirteenth street Arthur At 245 East Thirteenth street Arthur Schmeeklug, who is employed as a butler at the Players, Club and who knew the woman, said that she had often told him of a marriage to Pool, but that he never questioned her closely. Schmeeklug said he had been worried over the woman's absence and had been out searching for her.

ZIONISTS IN CONVENTION. Purpose Is to Promote the Emigration of Jews to Jerusalem.

TANNERSVILLE, N. Y., June 29 .- The tenth annual national convention of the Zionists opened at the Fairmont Hotel here to-night. The delegates numbered 250, representing countries in all parts of the globe. Good feeling prevailed, as the ranks had been strengthened by the ad-dition of many new members.

The purpose of the convention is to pro-

migration to Jerusalem of the Jews and to provide them with a permanent settlement there. It is the object to form a separate community there and eventually a kingdom to be ruled by Jews. For this purpose the Zionists have endeavored to form a national fund. They have succeeded in interesting many treatments. have succeeded in interesting many prominent members of the race in the scheme.

Dr. H Friedenwald of Baltimore, the president of the convention, was detained and not able to attend to-night's meeting but is expected to be present to-morrow.

The evening was taken up with a reception

and a secret session of the various heads o

Among the prominent d
are State Senator Bromberg of Losten.
Dr. Jacob Friedlander of
and Dr. H. Friedlander of Pittsburg.
The programme for Sunday includes a
mass meeting, at which the annual presidential address by Dr. Friedenwald will be
delivered. The national fund committee
will report Monday morning, and the same
evening there will be a banquet, to which vening there will be a banquet, to which al delegates have been invited. Tuesday ill be given over to the discussion of the Jerusalem colony. The sessions will end Wednesday, on which day officers will be

elected for the coming year AUTOMOBILES AND ENVY.

Why Should Ownership of a Motor Car Make a Man Unpopular? "D'ye know, before I got the price to buy an automobile for myself," remarked the man with the oily splotches on his cuffs, "I didn't hate the friends of mine who possessed motor cars. Fact. Didn t even feel

jealous of 'em.

"Well, I've got one now. I've had it for about two months. And I notice that quite a number of my old friends are beginning to treat me some frigidly, especially when they catch me in the act of driving my car about. I should add that all of those who stake me to the aslant gaze are chaps who haven't motor cars of their own.

motor cars of their own.

"I have heard, indirectly, that some of these friends express the conviction that I have developed a case of the swelled head. One of these friends has adverted to me as a 'puffy-wuffy,' whatever that may mean.

"A man with whom I used to be on cordial terms resents my flaunting past his house at all hours in a big lummox of a fool red buzz wagon. This man lives on an asphalted street that is used by many pleasure vehicles. I never knew, or imagined, till I heard of his remark, that I hurt him by going past his house in my car.

"I hate to annoy any of my neighbors and friends, but because some of them object

friends, but because some of them object to my having a motor car it's not up to me to sell the automobile or to convert it into junk, is it?

"You see, I enjoy the thing I like to drive it about. It's one of my few pleasures. Now, I know lots of fellows who enjoy playing poker. I don't, because I'm

a poor poker player, and I can't stand the loss of sleep any more, anyhow.
"But I don't object to their playing poker.
Not in the least. I listen to their stories of how they caught a pat full against the other fellow's pat flush and of how they didn't do a single thing to the other fellow, with real interest and enjoyment. I don' hate them for playing poker, because I know that they like and enjoy the game, and I'm glad that they're glad.

and I'm giad that they're glad.

"I've got plenty of friends who drink a great deal of liquor because they enjoy it, have fun with it, and presumably know their own business. Now, I don't object to their dripking. their own business. Now, I don't object to their drinking.

'I know slews of fellows who are crazy over golf. I don't object to their golf. Plenty of men I know go in for canceing or naphtha launching. They talk to me at great length of their favorite subjects during the season and I always listen to them with interest and gladness, though I never cared for cances or naphtha launches myself.

'I don't learn to dislike the fellows I know who are bug over fishing or hunting. Those things are their pleasures and they're cer-